For Somerſet was forewarned of Caſtles,
The which he alwaies did obſerue.
And now behold, vnder a paltry Ale-houſe ſigne,
The Caſtle in ſaint Albones,
Somerſet hath made the Wiſſard famous by his death.

Exet.

Alarme again, and enter the Earle of *Warwicke* alone.

VVar. Clifford of Comberland, tis Warwicke calles,
And if thou doeſt not hide thee from the Beare,
Now whilſt the angry Trompets ſound Alarmes,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie aire:
Clifford I ſay, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland,
Warwicke is hoarſe with calling thee to Armes.

Clifford ſpeakes within.

Warwicke ſtand ſtill, and view the way that Clifford hewes with his murthering Curtelaxe, through the fainting troopes to finde thee out.
Warwicke ſtand ſtill, and ſtir not till I come.

Enter *Yorke*.

VVar. How now my Lord, what a foote?
Who kild your horſe?
Yorke. The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble Lord,
Fiue horſe this day ſlaine vnder me,
And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,
But I did kill his horſe he lou'd ſo well,
The bonieſt gray that ere was bred in North.

Enter *Clifford*, and *Warwicke* offers to fight with him.

Hold Warwicke, and ſeeke thee out ſome other chaſe,
My ſelfe will hunt this deare to death.
VVar. Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,
Clifford farewell, as I entend to proſper well to day,
It grieues my ſoule to leaue thee vnaſſaild.

Exet VVarwicke.

Yorke. Now Clifford, ſince we are ſingled here alone,

Be this the day of doome to one of vs,
For now my heart hath ſworne immortall hate
To thee, and all the houſe of Lancaſter.
Cliffood. And here I ſtand, and pitch my foot to thine,
Vowing neuer to ſtir, till thou or I be ſlaine.
For neuer ſhall my heart be ſafe at reſt,
Till I haue ſpoyld the hatefull houſe of Yorke.

Alarmes, and they fight, and *Yorke* kils *Clifford*.

Yorke. Now Lancaſter ſit ſure, thy ſinowes ſhrinke,
Come fearefull Henry grouelling on thy face,
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of Yorke.

Exet Yorke.

Alarmes, then enter yoong *Clifford* alone.

Yoong Clifford. Father of Comberland,
Where may I ſeeke my aged father forth?
O! diſmall ſight, ſee where he breathleſſe lies,
All ſmeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,
Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands true houſe,
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoaſt I ſweare,
Immortall hate vnto the houſe of Yorke,
Nor neuer ſhall I ſleepe ſecure one night,
Till I haue furiouſly reuengde thy death,
And left not one of them to breath on earth.

He takes him vp on his backe.

And thus as old Ankyſes ſonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him againſt the bloodie Greeks,
Euen ſo will I. But ſtaie, heres one of them,
To whom my ſoule hath ſworne immortall hate.

Enter *Richard*, and then *Clifford* laies downe his father, fights with him, and *Richard* flies away againe.

Out crooktbacke villaine, get thee from my ſight,
But I will after thee, and once againe
When I haue borne my father to his Tent,
Ile trie my fortune better with thee yet.

Exet yoong *Clifford* with his father.